



T H E
Immaculate Boy.

SIT down neighbours all and I'll tell you a merry story,

About a British farmer, and Billy P—the Tong,
I had it piping hot from Ebenezer Barber,
Who sail'd right from England, and lies in Boston harbour.

Bow, wow, wow, fal lal de adly, bow wow.

This Billy he is call'd the nation's prime ruler,
Tho' he's but a puppet that's hung out to fool her,
His name is a passport to get in old finners,
And he deals the cards, that the knaves may be the winners.

Now it hap't in the country he went for a blessing,
And from his state dad to get a new lesson,
He went to Daddy Jenky, by Trimmer Hall attended,
In such good company, good lack! how his morals must be ended.

This Harry was always a staunch friend to Boston,
His bowels are warm, for they yearn for Indostan,
If I had him in our township I'd feather and tar him,
With fifty backing me too I'd lame him and I'd scar him.

With his skin full of wine and his head full of state tricks,
Sham reforms, commutations, and the rest of his late tricks,
He came back with Harry, two birds of a feather,
And both drunk as pipers they knock'd their heads together.

Now it so fell out that this pair were benighted,
And drove out of the road, so the statesmen alighted,
And to get in again away scrambl'd they, fir,
To find the back road to the king's highway, fir.

Long time in the dark were these lights of the nation,
And scrambl'd at last to a small habitation,
To which they march'd up, while the fools in confusion,
Thought their own lives were aim'd at by this bold intrusion.

The dogs bark'd, ducks quack'd, and fore Billy baited,
The wife she cry'd out, we'll all be ruined,
Straitway she snatch'd up the vessel she pist in,
To pour on the head of this daring Philistine.

The husband awak'd by her raging and screaming,
He shrewdly supposing his wife might be dreaming,
To make matters short snatch'd his gun in a fury,
And cried, sons of Belial I've got what will cure you.

Then Billy began to make an oration,
As oft he has done to bamboozle the nation,
But Hodge cried begone, or I'll crack thy young crown for't,

Thou belong'st to a rare gang of rogues I'll be bound for't.

Now Hodge, queth his wife, don't mind his loud bantering,

For certain he has under his coat a dark lantern,
Shut the gates of the court, if he once gets within it,
He'll whip up the back stairs I'll be bound in a minute.

Don't you hear how the brazen fac'd rogue now pretends, man,

He crept up in the dark but for virtuous end, man,
He says he's our friend, but tis no such thing, man,
The impudent dog would say so to a King, man.

Then Billy perceiving the wife in a fury,
And knowing his faults would not stand woman's jury,
Found the spirit of Jeaky a dangerous potion,
And roar'd out to Harry to speak for the motion.

Then Harry stept up, but Hodge shrewdly supposing,
His part was to steal, while the other was posing.
Let fly at poor Billy, and shot thro' his lac'd coat,
O what pity it was it did not hit his waistcoat.

Sound men of Boston make no long orations,
Sound men of Boston banish strong potations,
Sound men of Boston go to bed at sun down,
And never lose your way like the loggerheads of London.

